

## STORY OF A CRIMINAL

HOW GREEN GOODS MEN ARE PROTECTED BY GOTHAM POLICE.

Tale of Iniquity Unequaled in the Annals of Municipal Corruption—Testimony of George Appo.

NEW YORK, June 16.—During the past week the Lexow committee opened up an entirely new line of inquiry on the subject of police protection to the "green goods" business. The principal witness was George Appo, a half-breed Chinaman, son of Quimbo Appo, who is serving a life sentence in Sing Sing for murder. George Appo is thirty-six years old and he has been a criminal from his early youth, having spent much of his time in prison. His principal occupations have been picking pockets and "steering guys" for green-goods swindlers.

The testimony of Appo was listened to with unusual attention and interest. The witness is a remarkable person, to begin with, and he described in detail the business of the "green goods" swindlers who have been protected in this city by the police. Appo is the son of a white woman and of Quimbo Appo, the Chinaman who committed a shocking murder in the city years ago and is now serving a term of life imprisonment for the crime. Under the name of George Leonard, the witness was sent to prison when only eighteen years of age for picking the pocket of Alfred Gilbert, a custom house inspector, and at that time his photograph was placed in the rogues' gallery as No. 141. He had previously served a term in prison, and since then he has been in prison several times.

Appo is a small, wiry man, with dark and sallow complexion, black hair and clean shaven face. He has been a desperado as well as a thief, and there are several ugly scars on his face which tell of bloody encounters. He has a glass eye in place of the right optic, which was shot out in Poughkeepsie two years ago. The police have often spoken of him as one of the worst criminals in the city. His calling in recent years, when he has not been inside prison walls, has been that of a "steerer" for the "green goods" game.

When Appo took his seat in the witness chair, Senator Lexow said to him that he had nothing to fear as to his testimony if he told the truth, but if he did not tell the truth he would be liable to punishment for perjury. In reply to questions by Mr. Goff, the witness said that he was thirty-six years old and was born in New Haven, Conn., but was brought to this city when he was only two months old. He was unfortunate when he was a boy, and he was arrested for picking pockets when he was sixteen years old. He was sentenced to prison for two years and six months by Recorder Hackett, and he was so small at the time that there was not a suit of clothes in the prison small enough to fit him.

Nine months after he had served his time he was sent to prison again for the same offense, the same sentence being passed upon him by Judge Gildersleeve. The third time he was sent to prison for picking pockets he got a sentence of three years and six months from Recorder Smyth. He was caught picking pockets again in 1889, but got off with a year in the penitentiary. He also served a term of seven months in a Pennsylvania jail for picking pockets.

Question by Mr. Goff—Have you been engaged in what is known as "crooked business" in this city? A.—The "green goods" business has been my principal business in late years.

Q.—Please explain to the committee the nature of that business? A.—Circulares are sent out stating that duplicates of the genuine money have been printed from the same plates.

Q.—Well, let us understand who are the persons who are engaged in this business? Who is the backer? A.—He is the old gentleman, the man with the bank roll. He has the real money which is shown as "green goods."

Q.—Who is the "writer"? A.—He is the man who sends out the circulars. A.—He is the man who goes after the people who come in answer to the circulars who talk to "Q." You mean the men who are swindled? What is the victim called? A.—He is called the "guy."

Q.—He comes from the backwoods? A.—Yes, and from the cities and towns all over the country.

Q.—Who is the "ringer"? A.—He is the man behind the partition who takes the good money which is shown and puts a brick in place of it.

Q.—And the "turner," who is he? A.—He is supposed to be the son of the old gentleman. He sells the "green goods" and then places it within reach of the "ringer."

Q.—Then the "ringer" who is he? A.—He is the one who follows the victim after the game is played and sees him safely out of the city.

Q.—What is the place called where the game is played? A.—The "turning joint." It is usually an empty store in which is a desk with a shelf and a partition behind it.

Q.—How are the victims brought to the place? A.—They are directed to go to a hotel in Poughkeepsie or Fishkill on the Hudson river, or to some place in New Jersey about fifty miles from New York, where they are met by the "steerer" who takes them to this city and leads them to the "turning joint."

Q.—What division is made of the money taken from the victims? A.—The writer gets 50 per cent and the backer gets 50 per cent. They get 50 per cent each. "Steerer" gets 5 per cent. The "turner" gets 10 and the "ringer" and "taller" get 10 in each case.

Q.—How do the "writers" get the names and addresses of persons to whom the circulars are sent? A.—From the mercantile agencies lists mostly.

Q.—What do the circulars contain? A.—They say that the duplicate money has been obtained, and the victims are asked to answer by telegraph. A bogus newspaper clipping is put in the circular stating that the money cannot be told from the genuine money. A record is kept of each man to whom a circular is sent. The record is "John Howard, No. 106," the man is told to sign a telegram "J. H. 106."

If the writer gets an answer from that man he reports a "come-on." Then instructions are sent to the man, telling him the hotel to which he must go to get the money. A.—Are instructions sent by mail? A.—Yes, but the answers must always be sent by telegraph.

Q.—How are the telegrams sent to the right address? A.—Any address may be given, but the telegraph operators understand the meaning of the messages and send them to the right address.

Q.—How does the "steerer" know how to meet the right person? A.—He has a password. It may be "speedy return" or "good luck."

Q.—When the victim is taken to the "turning joint" what is the mode of operation there? A.—The victim is shown a good money is shown to him as "green goods" and he is allowed to examine it. If he agrees to buy the "green goods" he is taken to a box or satchel on the shelf behind the desk. The old gentleman sits by as a matter of form, but he is not to interfere. The "turner" says he will make out a receipt, and he lifts the lid of the desk, which shuts the box on the shelf from view for an instant. There is a panel in the partition, and when the lid of the desk comes down the "ringer" has changed the box with the money for a box with a brick in it.

Q.—What is done with the victim then? A.—He is sent home with the brick. The "steerer" puts a scare into him and tells him that he must get out until he gets home. He tells him that the country near the city has been flooded with "green goods," and that he may get fifteen years in jail if he is caught with any of it here. The "steerer" usually carries the box to the station and sees the victim safely on the train, while the "taller" follows them. When the victims are on the cars again they are allowed to go. They seldom come back. If they do the "taller" pretends to be an officer and scares them by telling them they can be sent to jail. He tells them that they are as bad as the men who got their money and the best thing they can do is to go back home.

Q.—At what rate is the pretended sale of "green goods"? A.—The least sum taken from a victim is \$50, for which he is told he is to get \$1,000 in "green goods" and also \$250 in the same goods for expenses in travel.

Q.—Did you ever know of a victim who came back being taken to a police station to have a scare put into him? A.—I know of such a case, but I do not want to incriminate a friend, and I will not tell about it.

then. When I took him to the room where "turner" was waiting he told me he had \$500 to invest and wanted \$15,000. The "turner" said that the safe was locked and could not be opened, but the money would be sent by express. He showed \$5 as samples of the goods. The man took the money and went to the express office. He pulled a revolver of forty-eight calibre and pointed it at the "turner." I got the revolver away from him and I told him to the "turner," who ran out. The "finger" also ran, leaving me alone with the man. I picked up the man and he drew a bowie knife and cut me across the hand. (The witness displayed a scar in his hand.) Then the "turner" came back after the "turner" and caught him in the street, but a policeman took them both to the station. The man went back home. I was not arrested.

AMERICANS ARE DEFICIENT.  
Men Work Too Hard to Become Proud and Philosophical Thinkers.

The Outlook.  
The century is full of earnest, capable and effective men, but it is singularly deficient in leaders of thought, men who go to the bottom of things, who stand for a few ripe, richest and deepest in their several spheres. The pressing needs of the country in its present stage of development are largely responsible for this diversion of talent from meditative and philosophical lines into active, working directions; but there is also another cause, which may be removed, and that is the lack of fit conditions.

It may be said without injustice that America produces a greater number of agile, keen and talented men than England, but that England produces a greater number of really able men than America. In an unusually suggestive article contrasting English and American home life in the May number of the Forum, Mr. Price Collier calls attention to the care which is given to securing the best conditions for securing the highest efficiency of Englishmen as workers. The competition in that country is so severe that men train themselves for success in their various vocations, as systematically and intelligently as young men train themselves in athletics. They insist on having the very best conditions for the highest bodily and intellectual efficiency, and the English home is largely responsible in order that the man who is at the head of it may have the largest earning capacity and the best possible conditions for his own growth. Economy is rigidly and unhesitatingly practiced, without the slightest sense of embarrassment, from the Queen down to the bottom of English society, for the sake of securing the best conditions. It is distinctly recognized in that country that if a man is to do anything in a large way, he must have leisure, and leisure is provided for him, if it has to be done by saving the candle-ends. Everything is directed to secure the best. Such men as Gladstone, Balfour, Chamberlain, Lord Rosebery, to mention typical cases, are so to speak "regularly" kept and kept in condition, physically and mentally, for their arduous duties. They are constantly taking holidays; every bit of work that can be delegated is taken out of their hands, and everything is done for them to give them comfort, ease and leisure. Almost every Englishman of note has two or three, and sometimes half a dozen, avocations besides his vocation, and he attends to these as religiously as to his professional work. Mr. Gladstone is a standing illustration of the many-sided man. He does not allow himself to run dry or wear out in a single pursuit, but who has constantly enriched himself by his varied Mr. Balfour is a philosophical thinker of no small calibre, and one of the best golf players in England. Lord Rosebery is immensely interested in horses. Mr. Chamberlain grows orchids.

Almost every Englishman of note has some hobby, specialty or avocation—something which takes him out of the routine of his work and gives him a new and fresh perspective. Moreover, every Englishman looks forward to his vacation, and permits nothing to interfere with it. The English public man works on the long plan. He aims that, to keep himself at the highest efficiency for thirty or forty years together, and does not mean to expend himself in a single spurt at the start. He aims to have leisure enough to master his department, and to become an authority in it, and not simply an active, useful, but, as a scheme, superior worker. To achieve this result certain conditions must be secured, and these conditions he insists upon. When Mr. Gladstone proposed that Parliament should sit on Saturday there was an immense outcry. Parliament rated a leisure Saturday quite important as the imperial business which Mr. Gladstone wished to push through; and Parliament is right. What we need in this country is wider margins, more time to study, to think, to master first principles, and to refresh ourselves with traditions of the past by travel and by study. The bright, active man can be easily trained, but the able man is the product of slow and steady years. We shall not have many such men until we are willing to give them more leisure, to exclude less from their lives, their need of rest, and to demand from them not so much immediate service as ultimate superiority.

Trials of a Man in Negligé.  
Pittsburg Dispatch.

When the summer men don their negligé costumes they reduce the standard of masculine looks in a surprising way. It is strange that the man in negligé never appears in that light, airy, graceful fashion in which the illustrated society journals picture him. He may think he looks well, but he is sadly mistaken. But the sacrifice of looks to comfort is sensible, if not artistic. There is a certain promise of a man in town who has vowed never to depart from starched linen again. He was willing to sacrifice his lofty but his lofty spirit could not endure insult. Yesterday morning the politician decked himself out gloriously in a negligé shirt and trousers. He eyed himself in the glass and congratulated himself upon not looking as badly as he thought he was doing. He was looking over the introduction of an era of comfort during the hot months, and joyfully joined his wife's good-fellowship in the kitchen. "I want you to stop off at my dressmaker's on your way to the city and tell her it will be impossible for me to take a fitting today," John, feeling happy and cool, was willing to comply with his wife's request. When he arrived in the city of the dressing establishment, he jumped out of the car and, walking up the steps, rang the door bell. After waiting some time the door was opened by a well-known dressmaker. Before the gentleman had time to speak a servant brought him a note. The note had eyed him from head to foot and said in an impatient tone: "Just go around to the back door." John, however, but the politician recovered his equanimity before the door was closed to tell her what he wanted. He wore a scowl all the way into a furnishing house, where he bought a white shirt and collar to make himself, as he put it, "look respectable."

Commencement.  
White waves of tulle and souls as white, And misty wreaths of floating mosses, And tender blooms of flower-like faces, Of spirit grace of flower-like faces, And brave prophetic thoughts of dreams, And glow of grand and high endeavor, And glow of golden faith that seems To light the future's way forever.

Aspian wisdom told in speech That breaks from scarlet threads of smiling, Deep lore beyond the sage's reach Between the lines our souls beguiling; Philosophies of Ate times, And Ciceronian Latin hissing. From lips that nature meant as rhymes To mark the poetry of kissing. And lofty prophecies of deeds Of woman's freed soul's high begetting, And inward knowledge that the needs Of life are compassed in coquetting. High hopes that strike the burning years, Ambition that shall never falter, Until as ending of life's wars Failures surrender at the altar.

Ah, waves of tulle and gleams of light, And clinging wreaths of misty moss, And dreams and hopes that live to-night, And gentle hearts and flower-like faces— My prayer for you and all shall be, That every angel within hearing May keep you what you seem to me, In spite of all my cynic sneering.

—Memphis Commercial.

The Sick Child Arranged It.  
Chicago Herald.

Three men were at luncheon together. One of them went away rather abruptly, and he told me afterward that he had to stand guard over his sensitive feelings. As there is a lesson in it for a class of people the cause of it is given. There was some peculiarity about the man's necktie that caused his friends to twist him. The talk wound him, because the very thing they criticised had been arranged at his home that morning by a sick child, who had fixed the tie according to her fancy and asked her papa to wear it that way until he came home to show her that he had thought of her during the day. It was one of the little strings to the heart which requires the softest touch, otherwise it snaps and its music is gone. Don't criticise what a man or woman wears in the first place; your criticism as an evidence of the vulgarest type of breeding. In the second place that which may not please your fastidious taste may have been arranged by the "sick child," or the mother, or sister, or wife of the householder. You never can tell what the short cuts to a man's heart are.

## SHOWERS OF SILVER

SOUTHERN CONVIVIALIST WASTES MONEY IN A CONCERT HALL.

He Throws Over Five Hundred Dollars in White Metal Coins at Singers in a Coney Island Resort.

CONEY ISLAND, N. Y., June 16.—Ernest Pitzsch, proprietor of the Palm Hotel here and the New York Hotel at St. Augustine, Fla., went on a spree yesterday and made things hum at West Brighton for a few hours. Pitzsch had been drinking champagne at his hotel with some friends all night and at noon started out to do the bowery. After making things very lively for everybody in several of the concert halls he dropped into Count Vaca's West-end Casino. Pitzsch carried three large cigar boxes filled with silver coin under his arm. Soon the Smilax sisters, song and dance performers, appeared on the stage. They had just finished their first song and were leaving the stage when a shower of silver coins fell upon their heads. Pitzsch had emptied one cigar box. The Misses Smilax paid no attention to the valuable shower, but started in to sing their second song, when down came the contents of the second box. This was too much for the song and dance girls, and they stooped to pick up the coins while the audience applauded in a wild manner.

When the news spread that a "crazy" from the South was throwing money around the Casino was soon crowded to suffocation. Florence French was next to appear, and the third and last box of coins was thrown at her when she sang "Away Down South in Dixie." Ella Wesner followed Miss French and the spectators roared when Miss Wesner began to sing. Pitzsch, "I am a Southern woman; how is it that you don't throw money at me?" she shouted. This was more than the hotel keeper could bear, and going out to the cashier's desk he exchanged a \$100 bill for silver. Pitzsch placed the silver on a fire shovel, and, walking down the center aisle, threw it over the heads of the orchestra members at Miss Wesner. The latter immediately picked up the coins, and placing them in her hat little brown derby, walked off the stage singing "Hard Times Come Again No More." Pitzsch then bought the drinks for the entire audience, which numbered more than six hundred people.

Pitzsch is very wealthy and has lived at Coney Island during the summer season for fifteen years. Count Vaccas said he threw more than \$500 upon the stage. After leaving the Casino the hotel keeper ordered his coachman to drive him to the bank in New York, where he said he was going to get a ton of silver and have some more fun.

Irving and American Marines.

LONDON, June 15.—The crew of the United States cruiser Chicago grow enthusiastic over the kind manner in which they were treated by Henry Irving. The distinguished English actor, as a slight recognition of the welcome he and his company have received from Americans all over the United States, gave the crew of the Chicago free entry to the Lyceum Theatre. The blue jackets went to Mr. Irving's theater nightly in squads to witness the performance of "Rustle" and enjoyed themselves greatly. On Wednesday, previous to the sailing of the Chicago for Antwerp, a deputation of blue jackets from the United States war ship, waited on Mr. Irving and presented him with a handsome water color picture of the Chicago, and also handed him a beautifully inscribed silver box as a token of the crew's recognition of his kindness. Accompanying these much appreciated gifts was a scroll signed "Neptune-Rex." The scroll was in the form of a royal proclamation, and read: "We, the crew of the United States war ship, do hereby commend and caution 'all waiters, stewards, porters, and land lubbers,' etc., not to molest Henry Irving, Mr. Irving's agent, the blue jackets an appropriate reply."

Railroad Crossings in the City.

To the Editor of the Indianapolis Journal.  
The argument of the gentleman who is asking the right of way into the city for another railroad track is backed by the plea that this privilege has been granted to other railroads. The same plea might be made for hitching posts around the courthouse for country people to hitch their horses to and feed them from boxes, or to permit wood, hay and country market men to string their varied outfits around the public square whenever they have anything to put on the market. When the railroads first came to the city it was little more than a town, and the people were so delighted at their coming that they granted them anything demanded, for the simple reason that the obstructions caused in crossing the streets were no great inconvenience. Had it been otherwise they would have been denied the privilege of crossing the streets. Since that time our population has grown to over one hundred thousand. The stirring industries and pushing business of the city demand the use of the streets. The people are fretted by the obstruction and the danger that result in crossing the streets with trains. The railroads have done much to build up the trade and industries of the city, and any further trade with the city is not required of them. The men who have charge of these roads are men who have kept up with the progress of the city. They know the conditions that result from the growth of the city. They would not permit that city. It is not a question of increase of whose population from 1880 to 1890 exceeded that of New York, Philadelphia, Boston, San Francisco, Chicago, Cincinnati and trebled that of New Orleans, would continue to submit to inconceivable retardation in its growth and prosperity. It is certainly ungenerous to ask an entrance on the same terms granted to railroads when the city was little more than a village, when we did not feel any, or but little, embarrassment from railroad crossings. It is quite different now, with a population of near 120,000. Let this road into the city on an elevated track. Then cut in operation a plan that will be as good as it is practicable, compel all city street crossings to be on elevated tracks. This will have to be done sometime. Why not commence at once? J. W. HERVEY.

Indianapolis, June 14.

"If Christ Came to Chicago."

The Outlook.  
But though Mr. Stead's book is almost wholly dark—not entirely, for he permits rays of sunlight to shine across his gloom here and there; he is too experienced an artist to shut them out altogether—it is a book that is a lesson in it for a class of the dark side of the most characteristic of American cities, and has told without reserve what he has seen. There is a shining salacious or prurient in his book. It does not minister to an idle or depraved curiosity, but it is a book that is a lesson in it for a class of the dark side of the most characteristic of American cities, and has told without reserve what he has seen. There is a shining salacious or prurient in his book. It does not minister to an idle or depraved curiosity, but it is a book that is a lesson in it for a class of the dark side of the most characteristic of American cities, and has told without reserve what he has seen. There is a shining salacious or prurient in his book. 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